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S P R I N G;

A

D E S C R I P T I V E

P O E M.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MONSIEUR ST. LAMBERT.

Ver novum, ver jam canorum, ver natus orbis est,
Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,
Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.

CATULLUS.

L O N D O N:

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following Poem, deservedly admired in the original, is translated from the French of Monsieur St. Lambert, as a specimen of his elegant pictures of the Seasons. But as the masterly performance of Mr. Thompson in this style is so generally known and approved, it may be necessary to premise an Apology for the similitude of the present attempt. It is not doubted that, on the strictest comparison, each Writer will be acknowledged an absolute original; and to limit the pen of Genius on so copious a subject as the periodical Revolutions in the natural World, appears an assuming prejudice. Indeed rural descriptive poetry may in all cases risk the charge of Triteness, as its scenes must ever be drawn from one of those great Metamorphoses in atmospherical temperature and vegetation. Let the Taste, the lively Sensibility and the moral Sentiment of the Author speak in his favor with merit-exalting Candor. And should frozen Bigotry think any part too animated, that virgin Daughter of Innocence and Good Nature will confess that the Sacrifices of Love at the altar of Virtue can never be described in too glowing colours.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Proposition of the subject—Address to the Deity—Dedication of the Poem—A picture of the face of Nature in our climate at the vernal Equinox—The return of fine weather brings back the birds, the boisterous winds subside, and the dangers of navigation cease—The influence of Spring on the animal creation and on Man—The birth of flowers—A shower in May—A picture of the country after rain—The rapturous sensations of Hope are inspired by the appearance of Spring; but less excited in gardens laid out by the rules of art—Variety, a charming attribute of this season, wanting in gardens where refinement prevails—Description of a garden at once useful and pleasant—Spring is the restorer of health—Picture of a fine morning enjoyed on recovery from sickness—The country most beautiful in the glory of Spring—A train of delightful sensations—The charms of nature in Spring frequently clouded with the horrors of War—The dominion of Love over Man as well as the lower order of animals—Several of the Earth's productions approach to maturity.

S P R I N G.

I SING the Seasons, and the Sun's career,
Whose friendly rays diversify the year.
Beauty and grace he bids the Spring adorn,
And crowns fair Summer's reign with waving corn,
Calls forth the vintagers to Autumn's spoil,
And glads, in Winter, cities with their toil.

O Thou, whose Bounty fills the round of space,
Whose Suns illume beyond where art can trace,
Whose Wisdom fways, as 'tis for ever hurl'd
Along the mighty void, each floating world;

B

King

King of the Elements! and Lord of Fate!
Who will'd, and Time and Order took their date;
Thy Love paternal watches for our good,
By man, ingrate! too little understood;
Who oft abuses, or contemns each boon,
Which thou hast lavished beneath the moon;
Fain would I shew their riches, fain would trace
Th' allotted pleasures to our erring race,
Each vicious prospect from the mind remove,
Paint Nature's charms, and win them to approve.
Spirit diffus'd! whose name deserves all praise,
Accept this homage, and inspire my lays.

And thou, who hast endear'd this vital air,
Doris, my love, sweet foothold of all care,
Whose Taste, in rural life, can beauties glean,
For fields forsake a while the courtly scene,
The arts your pride, the world that you delight,
To lonely vales see smiling Spring invite!

How

How happy I, beside you sit, to sing
The gifts, the joys, the flow'rs, the loves of Spring!

As yet th' impending storm the trav'ler dreads,
The baleful South that mutters o'er our heads,
From fiery Lybia scatters in the air,
Sulphur that mingles with the nitre there;
Which, as he drives the floating cloudy train,
Show'rs in hoar frost upon each hill and plain.
The flaky snow, the mountain's silv'ry crown,
Thaw'd into torrents, rolls the vallies down;
And shatter'd ice upon the river swims,
That scorns its native channel's narrow brims.
Neptune has curl'd the wat'ry surface o'er;
The big Sea tumbles on the trembling shore,
Breaking, at each new swell; the billows found,
And mountains nod, as groans the vast Profound.
Beneath the horrors of the scowling Sky,
Boreas and Zephyrus for empire try;

While

While the sad tenants of the wasted plain
Implore the Heavens for Spring's propitious reign.

The fable mists that barr'd Aurora's way,
Yield by degrees to the victorious Day.
Th' exulting Sun dispels the gloom, that veil'd
His radiant disk, and azure skies conceal'd.
He paints the ocean; on the clouds he beams,
The varied group of those suspended streams,
As heap'd above, on ev'ry wind they fly,
A glitt'ring chaos, chequer all the sky.

Soon as the Shades withdraw their humid train,
The watchful shepherd and laborious swain
See blushing Nature from her trance awake,
And, basking in the sun, their hearths forsake.
That, smiling, views the flow'ry painted mead,
Where once again his sportive flocks may feed;
While this beholds, in pleasing vision, rise
The waving wheat, where Ceres' treasure lies.

Progne

Progne returns, and gratefully recalls
The thatch, her old abode, and native walls.
The winged nations tim'rously prepare
Their magic journies through the pathless air;
Bolder and bolder rise at ev'ry spring,
To hail the Lamp of life, and soar, and sing.

The birds returning, let the seaman know,
Where Eolus invites, his bark may go.
O, ye, whom Fortune calls, now bear away
To the bright portals of the orient day.
Glad desert ocean with the crouding fleet;
The lessen'd waves the shore in silence beat,
For Stars propitious smoothe the friendly tide,
And bid the boist'rous blasts in gales subside.
Fly from Olinda to Golconda's coast,
From Yemen bring the vegetable boast,
Whose subtile salt and od'rous vapour join'd,
Revive the senses, and exalt the mind.

Beneath the torrid and the frozen zone,
Our arts, our pleasures, and our laws make known;
Rouse the soft Indian to more lib'ral strife,
Charm the fierce Iroquois to polish'd life;
The barb'rous smooth, inform the savage heart,
Nor death, nor bonds, but happiness impart.

Bright King of day! whose triumphs are survey'd
From clime to clime, dispersing frost and shade,
Zephyr attends thee, and, with verdant robe,
Mildly encircles our exulting globe.
From Niger's borders, from those mountains high,
Sources of Nile, once brother of the sky,
From realm to realm, to rocks beneath the pole,
Green is the colour that revives the foul.

Carpets of em'rald border silver-rills,
Adorn the vallies, beautify the hills,
And crown the fragrant mountains, where the sheep,
Cropping the tasteful thyme, delighted skip.

The

The rich supplies of this new food advance
Their frolic spirit and extatic dance.
How jocundly with antic wiles they bound !
Protected by the dog who barks around ;
While the young shepherd, stretch'd beneath the sprays,
Twirls the light top, and tunes his rustic lays.

While I have stray'd through fields by murm'ring rills,
The vine once more has shaded o'er the hills.
The creeping ivy soon shall twine around
The oak and elm, in verdant friendship bound ;
The forest suddenly shall reassume
Its welcome depth of vegetable gloom.

In these harmonious shades who would not rove ?
Already Philomel has tun'd the grove.
Her charming strains in varied measures flow,
Now sweetly swift, and now sublimely flow ;
Then Silence reigns, till the triumphant note
In melting quaver warbles from her throat.

How

How oft I've listen'd, stretch'd beneath the sprays,
(Her fav'rite feat) e'en when she ceas'd her lays!

The genial Season has at length set free
The captive sap of each reviving tree.
Ere while condemn'd in torpor to congeal,
It bursts a fountain from the branches' peel;
Spreads from the bud th' infoliating green,
Expands and elevates the bow'ry scene.
The forest harbours the retreating deer,
No more I view the bird that charms my ear.
The hue, that softly mingles light and shade,
Nature's new robe, o'er all her works display'd,
At once relieves me, and restores my sight,
Dazzled by sudden Spring, and skies too bright.

Dear hills and vales! ye happy fertile plains!
Where Beauty, by soft Suns invited, reigns;
What secret transports in my bosom beat,
When from the town I plunge in your retreat.

After

After a storm, I seem arriv'd on shore,
And could with gratitude the turf adore.
From forms releas'd, I call the hours my own,
Here blameless pleasures to my soul are known,
Serenity and Hope inspire my breast,
And that sweet Consciousness of being blest,
Which, whirl'd amid its lux'ries, arts, and show,
The World's allurements never could bestow.
To charm her vot'ry, Nature smiles around,
And, without toil, here Happiness is found.

Not mine alone; the nations on the wing
With joy salute the gay return of Spring.
Here, Doris, warbling wild from ev'ry spray,
To hail the new-born year, their grateful lay!
See the young Husbandman with ardour fly
To rural toil, hope sparkling in his eye.
Content with Winter's interval of rest,
The wreath of labour animates his breast.

D

E'en

E'en Pain has charms; if Poverty he fears,
Base Sloth more odious to his soul appears.
Let the luxurious loll their useless days,
Secluded from the Sun's propitious rays,
The lark, gay herald of the tuneful throng!
That, undulating, leads their choral song,
Soon as Aurora blushes through the shade,
Reminds him Ceres' call must be obey'd.
Laughing, the formidable ox he tames,
Whose bellowing his slavery proclaims.
The shining share, beneath his hardy hand,
Furrows the mellow surface of the land.
For those dear animals he sows the soil,
The constant partners of his gen'rous toil.
Along the glebe the ready harrow slides,
And, till it shoots, the rich deposit hides.

Where'er the thistle, or the tare he spies
Obstruct the wheat, or wantonly arise,

He

He calls his fond Companion in each pain,
Who soon assembles round her infant train.
Marching before, his hoe the eldest brings,
The playful suckling to its mother clings.
All join, ere yet Aurora drives her steeds,
To free the corn from its encumb'ring weeds.
The skilless son, ambitious still to aid,
Ill copies, though with care, the parent's trade;
And his unsteady hand, that guides the hoe,
Wounds the young plant which should for Ceres grow.
His brothers, who their time in labour keep,
Collect the flints, and pile them in a heap.
Each grows important o'er the better'd soil,
And shakes off infancy with manly toil.

The mother's smile their vanity inspires,
Their zeal she thanks, their cheerfulness admires;
Her glist'ning eyes with rapture overflow,
While they, like Nature, work, and sport, and grow.

But

But now to Time be due attention paid!
The charms of Spring, though crouded, quickly fade.
Let us enjoy this crisis of delights,
The Moments fly, and Flora's call invites.

Crown'd with new rays, the princely Sun begins
T'embrace, in march oblique, the heav'nly twins.
Led by the Pleiades, he leaves the main,
And lustre lavishes on ev'ry plain;
He seems with pleasure to prolong his stay,
And strews the verdant turf with flow'rets gay;
He mingles, (to delight our wond'ring view)
Varies, and vivifies each shifting hue.
Already on the meadow's shooting bound,
The hawthorn bloom and budding rose are found.
I've seen the daisy elevate her head,
With gold encircled, and with silver spread.
On loaded stalk, to winds dispos'd to yield,
The yellow cowslip too has deck'd the field.

Blest

Blest is the village-tenant more than kings,
He wakes reviv'd, and sweetly shaded fings;
For him the Field her gayest mantle wears,
With his fair partner he the pleasure shares.
Delia consults the stream, what flow'r may best
Perfume her hair, or ornament her breast.
Whatever Spring diffuses o'er the green,
Is tribute paid to deck the rural queen.

Blow, lovely bloom, o'er all the fertile land,
The orchards crown, and through the groves expand;
The senses charm, let youth be deck'd with you,
And giving pleasure, promise riches too.
Thy beauteous progeny, bright King of day!
Destroy not, but thy gentlest beams display;
Drain not our rivers; yet, from soft'ring skies,
Let show'rs refreshing fall in soft supplies!

Then, then, my Doris, Spring demands our view,
Haste, let us give it the attention due.

The old, the young, before their dwellings, trace
The vernal vapour in ethereal race.
Alas! they fear'd the Heats would scorch the bloom,
And Autumn's promise, while yet green, consume;
That grafs must wither on the blacken'd plain,
And spiry corn had rais'd its ear in vain;
But new emotions in their breast arise,
As paleness dims the Sun and veils the skies.
Leaving the crimson east, that Star's fair light
A vapour thin invested from the fight,
Which rose aloft, possess'd the hemisphere,
And darkness threaten'd, though no storm was near.
The willow's verdure spread a shade serene,
The pliant reed to tremble was not seen,
None yet had heard the howl predictive blow,
The sheep desir'd not meadows to forego,
The voice-offended bird's melodious note,
From bushes in the air was still afloat.

The cloud descends, and o'er the silent fields
The gentle dew its genial treasure yields.
Its fall upon our streams I cannot trace,
No doubling circles agitate their face ;
Scarce in the lonely wood I hear it sound,
From leaf to leaf still dropping to the ground.
Till close of day the grateful moisture glides,
While Freshness o'er th' enliven'd fields presides.

The Sun, though setting, gilds our favour'd coast,
And skirts with rubies all the cloudy host.
The meadows glisten, and a Circle bright,
In humid air, would heav'n and earth unite ;
But soon the gaudy Meteor fades away,
The vapours falling with declining day.

Night, crown'd with stars, upon her saphire throne,
Bids Labour pause, and sweet Repose be known.
The faint soft murmur of the stream and breeze,
Is all that interrupts the solemn ease.

Lull'd

Lull'd by the sound, the peasant sinks to rest,
Day's prospects quite imparadis'd his breast;
Plenty he saw descend upon the plain,
And flatt'ring dreams restore fair Plenty's reign.
E'en Slumber cannot check bold Fancy's scope:
Such is the magic faculty of Hope!

But what gay pictures with the day surprise!
What sweets! what splendour! and what changes rise!
Emerging from its humid tube, the Corn
Salutes with greenish ear the dewy morn.
The trees, the bushes, and the grass supply
A grateful contrast to the opening eye;
The trunks, through whiteness that may vie with snow,
Expand their boughs, and verdant foliage show.

How blest is man! contented should he be,
Admiring charms, still hoping joys to see.

Hope

Hope visits, Doris, all our fields and groves,
Frequents the hills, and through the orchard roves;
With Spring returning, she would lure the sight,
Where blooming meads spread prospects of delight;
Her head is crown'd with grapes and nodding corn,
She paints the beauties of the year unborn;
The recompence of toil to all she shows,
For youth has pleasure, and for age repose.

I've found her in the verdure of this vale,
On joys to come she bids me to regale.
I fought her 'mid the garden's pride in vain,
Where endless stages glitt'ring pots sustain;
In glass confin'd, where languishes and dies
The steril offspring of exotic skies.
What range for Hope's sweet antedating pow'rs,
Upon a theatre of fading flow'rs?
The Tulip, of its gaudy colours proud;
By its own weight the weak Narcissus bow'd,

F

That

That seems its fleeting image to explore;
The Hyacinth whose bloom so soon is o'er,
Frail monument of fond Apollo's woe!
For a rich field's productions I'd forego.

Thus Beauty, flaunting with her gaudiest ray,
If useless, pleases but a short-liv'd day.

Beneath those linden trees, those elms that shoot
Their stately branches destitute of fruit,
I've long'd for orchards, where Pomona show'rs,
In Spring, the promise of Autumnal hours.
By curious walls and ceilings compass'd round,
My restless spirit interruption found;
They seem'd design'd at once to check the scope
Of busy Sight and of excursive Hope.
I mourn'd the rich extent the Country yields,
The harvests, woods, the vallies, and the fields,
The hanging flocks that mountain-herbage crop,
And curling vines that wanton to the top.

Wife

Wife Nature, to surprise us, and engage,
Varies the scen'ry on Creation's stage;
With barren ornaments, while we restrain
The Goddess to the limits of our brain;
Order and Symmetry a moment strike,
And a day's pleasure yields, for life, dislike.

Oh! how that modest garden I prefer,
Where Art enrich'd without parade of her,
Where, 'mid her presents, Luxury and Dress
Seem'd Nature's pastime, and a wild excess.
There Raimond rul'd, the plants were proud t'obey,
Happy he liv'd, nor wish'd extended sway.
His mod'rate heritage fix acres clos'd,
A flanking hill each furious storm opposed,
Which curving on a vale a curtain drew,
Where luscious figs and tasteful melons grew.
In free meanders over sand of gold,
A chrystal rill its active waters roll'd,

That

That nourishment to kitchen-herbs supplied,
And round the fruit-trees pour'd a murm'ring tide,
Then swell'd a bason, where the Willow's shade,
Friend of the streams! a canopy display'd,
And sportive perch, in speckled beauty, gave
A gilded chequer to the azure wave.

The Sun, the stream, the shelter, all conspir'd
To enrich a spot for simple charms admir'd;
E'en Raimond gaz'd with wonder 'mid his toil,
On the returns of the luxuriant foil.
The city's tribute on the master pour'd,
And unbought viands grac'd his cheerful board.

But Lindor, his delight, (as o'er the meads,
In that blest age which infancy succeeds,
He courted Pleasure, new to his young breast)
Saw a fair maid with bloom her head invest;
An old man fitting near her on the green,
Inhal'd the fragrance of a vale serene;

While

While the gay nymph, presenting him with flow'rs,
Taught Lindor's soul the force of Beauty's pow'rs.
Returning home, his father's rural reign
Seem'd uninviting, rustically plain,
For flow'rs where wanting --- Strait the beds display'd
The myrtle and the jessamine's blooming shade,
Jonquils and fallads intermingled grew,
And bord'ring stocks along the path he threw;
Mounting with strawberries, on the water's side,
The gaudy tulip rose in varied pride.

Lindor a nosegay, of these beauties form'd,
Bears to the charmer who his bosom warm'd.
Myrtilla deigns to visit, and to spoil
The spot made beauteous by her lover's toil.
Yet new improvements urge his agil hand,
The waves ascend and fall at his command,
In frolic serpentines o'er pebbles play,
Or sink through grottoes from the face of day.

G

His

His magic talent for surprise is known,
By shaping plants to figures not their own.
The garden's lux'ries flatter ev'ry sense,
What odours, hues, and flavours they dispense!
Here Pleasure reigns with sceptre unconfin'd,
All is enchantment to Myrtilla's mind.

Lindor, with transport, her approval fees,
And finds that he himself has learn'd to please.
The world's impertinence they soon perceive,
And would for bow'rs and soft recesses leave.
They mark where woodbines and the creeping vine,
To form a still alcove, in friendship join,
That guards, beneath close boughs and blooms festoon,
Carpets of turf and flow'rs from scorching noon.

The happy spot more fertile, rich, and gay,
Beauty and usefulness in equal sway,
The old man labours with renew'd delight,
And sings down sadness till the shades of night.

There

There the fond maid makes Lindor's triumph known,
While to his father she conducts her own.

Beneath the hallow'd shade of fragrant bow'rs,
The happy parents led the nuptial hours.
Their children's loves, the scene, and Spring's bright charms,
Recall'd soft Hope, and guiltless Youth's alarms,
They felt their blood in warm meanders play,
And from their eye-balls flash'd Health's sprightly ray.

Youth's charm, and Beauty's soul in ev'ry foil,
Companion gay of Temperance and Toil,
Health! best of stores, that makes a peasant, King,
Virtue's support, yet all our passions spring,
Thou, without whom, e'en Nature's laughing train
Of blooming Pleasures bloom to please in vain,
Thy visit, with the Year's renewal fair,
Revives the dying, answers Ages pray'r.

Shall

Shall I forget? that, when I languid lay,
Expecting Death to end Life's little day,
When weaken'd Nature struggled with that art,
At best uncertain, often Fate's dire dart,
Spring, smiling, call'd me back to Life again,
I felt the spirits dance in ev'ry vein;
I sprung in transport from th' unwelcome bed,
While Death, astonish'd, from his victim fled;
I clasp'd those charming friends within my arms,
Who sooth'd my pains, and check'd my soul's alarms;
I view'd my fruits, this stream, these groves once more,
Which late I thought no wishes could restore.

On our recovery, Oh! what raptures rise!
All things have charms for our admiring eyes.
No butterfly unnotic'd kiss'd the bloom,
I said, 'This insect too has 'scap'd the tomb,
' Emerging from its cell, to rove it glows,
' Nature, on both, a second birth bestows.'

On

On linden-blossom, rose, or flow'ry thyme;
If I beheld a bee for booty climb,
"After long exile, she returns," I cried,
"To bask in Suns, and cull the flow'ry pride;
"And I return, to reassume my place,
"And link with beings in this endless space."

I flew to bask beneath Aurora's ray,
I flew to intercept the breaking Day,
I long'd to see, to prove my feeling pow'rs,
To live, admire, and thank for added hours.
Doris, I danc'd, the moment that my sight,
O'ercoming gradually the dazzling light,
To place, late undiscern'd, gave distance due,
And trac'd in order ev'ry pleasing hue.
In just succession objects to dispose —
The mountains first in majesty arose,
Involv'd in clouds, appear'd their glitt'ring height;
The Sun, emitting rays of quiver'd light,

H

'Ting'd

Ting'd the horizon, in its crimson round,
With living glories not in picture found.
The beamy Monarch, darting thence again,
With golden net-work swept the verdant plain.
O thou, who couldst sensation thus restore,
By whom this little being thinks once more,
March, and enlighten, let Spring lavish'd find,
The charms, the pleasures, present to my mind.

Thus, when Aurora had dispel'd the shade,
The flaming East with transport I survey'd,
Admir'd Earth's carpet, and the silver rills,
And trembling pearls that dewy Night distils
On vallies blooming with the fragrant spray,
Where falling beams with varied lustre play.
The gales, that murmur'd in the neighb'ring bow'rs,
From fields, from gardens, wafting od'rous pow'rs,
A subtle flame through all Life's channels stole,
Charm'd were my senses, and renew'd my soul.

Sudden

Sudden I heard, of ev'ry diff'rent sound,
From plains, from woods, an echo talk around,
His tuneful pipe the shepherd breath'd again,
Contented Poverty pour'd forth her strain,
On the gay hillocks frisk'd the bleating sheep,
The lowing oxen with an aukward leap,
While sportive birds, that love in shades to rove,
With melody made vocal all the grove;
And not a stranger to the sweet employ,
The humming insect buzz'd its little joy.

These sounds, which Zephyr wafted to my ear,
The fields, the skies, all Nature's face so clear,
All seem'd to greet me on recover'd life,
I breath'd to see a world devoid of strife,
I join'd my voice with those enraptur'd throngs,
That hail'd the Dawn and Season with new songs.

Th' expanded joy, the tribes inspir'd to sing,
Increas'd the beauties of the blooming Spring.

Allied

Allied to all the happy in esteem,
Doris, I seem'd to copy the Supreme,
Who, blest in viewing of his fav'rites blest,
Partakes the transport of a mortal breast,
A glance of love he sends through Space's round,
And joys to see whole worlds with pleasure bound.

Here, Doris, ever let us fix our view,
Behold, admire, enjoy --- Fate's golden clue!
All beings are embellish'd by the Spring,
Whatever walks, or soars upon the wing,
Whate'er by turns quaffs dew and Sol's bright ray,
Perfection gains on Beauty's festive day.

The Sun has enter'd Cancer's genial sign,
Serene and pure Heav'n's azure glories shine,
And back reflect upon the realms of light,
The quick vibrations of triumphant Light.
Before in ocean sets this gorgeous Sun,
While now his journey's better half is run,

Befide

Beside the wood, let us, my Doris, gain
That daisied tuft beneath the oak's old reign;
There hills on hills behold extended join,
And the rich vales where curls the wanton vine.
Mark! in these fields and groves, how Nature's pow'r
Breaks out spontaneous in each herb and flow'r.
Art to control her noble bounty fails,
And her wild energy through all prevails.
Behold! this plain where all things good abound,
The garden of the world, an Eden found,
Bacchus and Ceres hold divided sway,
Vertumnus and Pomona deck each spray.
A silv'ry show'r along the furrows, see!
Mild Zephyr scatter from each blossom'd tree,
From poppies rubies o'er the meadows glow,
And blue-bells saphires on the fields bestow.
Here charming woodbines lead the Stream astray,
That, winding, loves beneath their shade to play.
There plains and mountains, and the day's bright Pride,
Assume new life, and tremble in the tide.

Can there be, Doris, in this joyful day,
Groves void of grace, and fields that are not gay?
Can there exist, within fair Nature's round,
A heart so dull with pleasure not to bound.
For me, serene and blest beneath these bow'rs,
Content with past, and pleas'd with coming hours,
My senses feast on joys for ever new,
Which the young Season still presents to view.

And is it, when the Hours in charms excel,
Kings raise the Demon of the War from hell?
Yes, when mild Spring, by Zephyrs led, invites
From flow'ry hills the train of soft Delights,
The voice of tyrants bids the slaught'ring blow
Deluge the plain, and lay whole armies low.
Their cruel slaves, the minions of their ire,
From shores where Pleasure breath'd and sweet Desire,
The deathful thunderbolt to throw prepare,
In turn the portion of the foe to share.

There,

There, set in life's fair morn, a hero lies,
Whose blood the opening flow'rs with crimson dies ;
Tow'rd that dear spot he turns his eyes in vain,
Where Love is doom'd of absence to complain ;
The tears which at his death he knows will flow,
Makes life more precious, and embitters woe.
Here falls another, the support and guide
Of infants, who have none to trust beside.
The day may come when they for alms shall bend,
Through realms their fire was ardent to defend :
And yet for them his breast with fondness glow'd,
For as he died their blessing he bestow'd.

Rage and Destruction rush through all the files,
In hills her victims ruthless Discord piles,
Whelms with one bolt the valiant warrior's head ;
And coward's trembling to the battle led,
The useful citizen who joy'd in toil,
And him whose horrid life was constant spoil.

Ye:

Ye legal ruffians ! hir'd to guard a throne,
On brother-monsters make your vengeance known,
Who brandish Death, to glut a tyrant's rage,
But do not innocence with arms engage.
Why drive that harmless farmer o'er the plain,
Where his own hands have rais'd the bearded grain?
Sure, drunk with blood, Ambition must rejoice !
Can Vict'ry's trumpet stifle Nature's voice ?

O'er the thatch'd hamlet, which he sets on fire,
One joys to see the curling smoke aspire.
This, grim with dust, all dire with carnage-glare,
Prophaning pleasure, menacing the fair,
Has seiz'd the trembling mother's soul's delight,
And kill'd the lover in his mistress' fight.
While these are stripping, 'mid the fray's alarms,
Their dying friends, who stretch embracing arms.
O stain to manhood ! O infernal rage ! ---
But Peace attends a monarch just and sage,

The Arts and Sciences in polish'd reign,
Have banish'd Mars's banners from the plain,
And Spring, diffusing Plenty, feels no dread,
That War should rend the roses from her head.—

Love! 'tis for thee Spring all her beauties frames,
Fill air, fill earth, fill ocean with thy flames.
Sweet fruitful source of pleasure and of grace!
Life's basis! spring and soul of Nature's race!
Inspire, unite all things below, above,
To make them happy only let them love.
By sense of boundless joys impart thy pow'r,
Earth wooes it, let thy presence grace this hour.
Young, lovely, gay, thy favours she attends,
With flowers adorn'd, thy shaded throne ascends,
All music's measures in the air prevail,
And from the mountains fill the echoing dale.
I see the creatures to convene delight,
Approach, retire, then quarrel, and unite;

With souls renew'd they seem to sympathize,
While Pleasure's ardor sparkles in their eyes.

The fiery Courser scorns the biting rein,
Lawless and fierce he bounds along the plain,
From the high hill his eyes their wish pursue,
And but one object in the void would view.

From vale to vale the Heifer's lowings fly,
And the wild Bull pursues her footsteps shy,
He tells his torment to the echoing shore,
By the hoarse murmurs of his plaintive roar.

That Wolves, though cruel, are to wolves still dear,
Their horrid howl informs the shepherd's ear.
No heart so savage, Love, but thou canst tame,
The Tyrant of the forests owns thy flame.
'Mid burning sands, with mangled limbs around,
He roars his ghastly loves in caves profound.

His

His Partner, warm'd by his tremendous fires,
With direful yellings owns her wild desires.
Their lengthen'd bellows air at distance shake,
In dead of night the desert's silence break ;
The dreadful couple in the gloom recline,
And seem to threaten Nature as they join.

The Tiger, that against thee long rebel'd,
And pleasure seem'd to scorn, as good compel'd,
Too furious tender courtship to employ,
Growling, careffes with a barb'rous joy.

But under roofs, in groves, or on the plain,
Softer sensations warm the tuneful train,
Assiduous round their mistresses they sing,
With sparkling eye, and on a flutt'ring wing,
They court returns in lays all art above,
Pleasure inspire, and well may merit love.

The

The wanton Dove, beneath the azure sky,
Repels her fav'rite with disdainful eye;
He spreads the beauties of his breast to view,
And, ruffled, shifts their ever-trembling hue;
Scorn shook the fibres of his am'rous heart,
But one kind glance forbids him to depart.

The Eagle, circled by Olympus' rays,
Enjoys his object in ethereal blaze.

Th' impetuous, restless Sparrow, all on fire,
Wooes, and assails the fav'rite of desire.
The least severity prevents his stay,
His pinions ruffle, and he flits away.
Delay consumes him; and the moment blest
But wafts him on to pleasure unpossess'd.

The Swan, with wings that spread a silver gleam,
Furrows the surface of the heaving stream,

To

To his fair bride he shews his charms, elate,
With pride sails on, and floats in royal state.

See! those fond Turtles billing in the boughs,
With endless kisses interchanging vows.

Soft sounds and glowing murmurs still awake
The bliss, the lover and belov'd partake.
To view each other is their dear employ,
And all their life is Love's dissolving joy.

Sweet Philomel her lover's warbling hears,
And by endearments melted, she endears.
Be silent notes of less harmonious things!
He sung to please, and now his pleasure sings.

An Insect follows on the budding leaves
Another, which the eye by art perceives;
Live atoms mingle in the peopled air——
Whales and Sea-Monsters am'rous passions share,

In aukward gambols spreading circles wide,
Disturb the briny surface of the tide,
Spring from the bottom in pursuit, and bound
Through yawning waves, and plunge in the profound.

Desire, Enjoyment is the gen'ral plan,
Esteem, Love's fairest fruit, is kept for man.
'Tis true, he often creeps his passions' slave,
But sure a heart another heart will crave.

Love, in the birds, with vernal beauty thrives,
But human love the transient Spring survives,
Glow through each Season, softens Fortune's strife,
Adorns the morn and evening of our life.
In childhood, struggling with confus'd desire,
Man knew to love, before he knew t' admire.
Beauty from Age still adoration gains,
Blushing he triumphs in her tender chains,
With her forgetting his approaching doom,
He strews with flow'rs the borders of the tomb.

But

But 'tis in vig'rous Youth's delightful days
That Love the fury of his fire displays,
In those soft minutes when the flames of Spring
Augment his ardor, and the senses sting.
The flatt'ring image of recurring charms
Still in the bosom beats with fresh alarms.
One point the senses, and one pulse the heart :
The rage for pleasure is a tort'ring dart.

Love, charming Love ! the Country is thy shrine ;
There heav'n's bright rays, example, passion join,
With whisp'ring zephyrs, and exhaling flow'rs,
And am'rous notes, to sceptre Pleasure's pow'rs.
All sing, and feel, partake it, and impart——
The orchards, hamlets, fields, and bow'rs of art,
The winding thicket, and the gloomy dell,
All, all disclose where happy Love may dwell.

In childhood pleas'd through rural scenes to rove,
The moss inviting to the fair alcove,

Here,

Here Hylas and Lycoris gently toy,
Their hearts unwounded by the quiver'd Boy.
The Bee, imbibing nectar from the flow'rs,
'Mid bloom and fragrance lives less charming hours ;
The am'rous Butterfly, that roving goes,
Such frequent kisses gives not to the rose.

There, soft and timid, in a blooming wood,
Sylvander's transports Chloe's shame withstood.
But coupling birds that bend the fragrant boughs,
All Nature's children interchanging vows,
That downy languor through the air imprest,
With melting pleasure charm'd her yielding breast.
Those tender blushes and those looks declin'd,
Have quite bereft Sylvander of his mind.
Deaf to Repulse's weak and feeble cries,
His lips devouring and his sparkling eyes
From charm to charm with fierce confusion stray,
Where new endearments still invite the way.

Together

Together clasp'd, and mad with fond employ,
Their ravish'd senses rush at once to joy.

These happy Lovers, whom the Virtues join,
Whose sentiments approv'd and constant shine,
Which Freedom cannot lessen, nor the trace
Of plund'ring Time, that conquers all, efface,
Find love connubial with new charms endears,
And often speak their happiness in tears.
Rapt with the present, days to come resign'd,
The mem'ry of the past delights the mind.
Their Gratitude in mutual praises starts,
They only ask of Heav'n more tender hearts.
Beneath the lamps in Night's blue dome display'd;
By Love conducted to a myrtle shade,
While warbling nightingales their songs extend,
Their sighs, their kisses, and their beings blend.
E'en when their passions in a calm subside,
Life is not listless; Virtue is their guide.

But these desires still kindling in the veins,
These mutual ardours, and these am'rous chains,
Exhausting life, the lamp of life renew,
And other beings give the Sun to view.
I've seen the Birds in couples through the grove,
To form soft couches for their offspring rove.
The Mother sits upon the embrio-shell,
Till it begins to glow, and pant, and swell;
Till all the prison-walls are rent away,
And the young chirper struggles into day.

Another Love then springs the World to bless,
Which hath its pleasures, transports, sweet excess.
Parental Fondness! gen'rous, lively, pure,
Protect all beings, grant them to endure!
Now let them be belov'd, that they may love,
Fulfilling thus the dictate from above.
The first of pleasures gave them life's dear pow'rs,
Let the remembrance smoothe their infant-hours.

The

The weak assistance from the strong should share,
These must return their debt of lavish'd care.
A Mother's love from ev'ry harm will free,
Th' imperfect souls beginning thus to be.

Ye sylvan youth, your mossy beds forego,
With the wing'd people let your music flow;
Range o'er the fields, invade each green recess,
Enjoy your pleasures, Nature's charms possess.
These fruits are your's, which Summer shall produce
Mellow in texture, and mature in juice.
Heaven's love paternal food provides for all
The happy tenants of the crouded ball.

F I N I S.

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